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reverently trying Lord to think of the time when the surroundings of was far different and grandmother had tramped the fields around the old farm.

A real old Scotch woman, Mrs. Annie McAdam took me into her little shop and home (two rooms) recited Burns to me showed me relics of Burns home and a piece of the tree under which he sat when he wrote Bessie. After carefully examining the family album and looking with a desperate longing at the old furniture and fireplace and belongings of all crowded into our room and receiving from the old mistress McAdam a picture of her home I & went back to Dumfries and the old man of who had first sent me on my way upset my decision and said the McAdam home was the real one. If that is true then I have a picture of grandmothers old home. & my first decision according to the law of Isabella Clark who tried to maintain her mother and my grandmother were our cousins in true then I have but a corner even in the picture that Mistress McAdam gave me. It has been a great satisfaction though to be here and to have the same roads and to be near if not on the exact spot where once stood the home of my dear grandmother.

This much I feel sure she & never lived over here as she did talk on the red Connecticut in good old U.S.A. For had the family lived so luxuriously over here someone would remember for I talked to many people who have lived for for over seventy or eighty years right at or very near Nobles Hill and no recollection is there concerning the home or family other than this a man named Cook lived in the little thatched roofed cottage on the Noble Hill farm way way long ago.

My effort to find church records, a tombstone in the graveyard all proved nothing; but I have been here and that means a lot to me.

Tuesday Aug 17 - Left Dumfries this A.M. at eleven o'clock reaching Liverpool at 3:30. Then a desperate dig in the American Express Company, White Star and North Western railroad offices selling about my baggage & took a 5:20 train for Chester where I made connections with Miss Everett and Mabel. It was a joy to walk through Chester that